THE

Englishman in *Paris.*

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[Price One Shilling.]

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IN TWO ACTS.

As it is performed at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Covent-Garden.*

By SAMUEL FOOTE, *Eſq;*

LONDON:

Printed for PAUL VAILLANT, facing *Southampton-Street*, in the *Strand.* MDCCLIII.

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MY Bookſeller informs me, that the Bulk of his Readers, regarding in a Work of this Kind the Quantity more than the Quality, will not be contented without an additional half Sheet; and he apprehends that a ſhort Dedication will anſwer the Purpoſe.

BUT as I have no Obligations to any great Man or Woman in this Country, and as I will take Care that no Production of mine ſhall want their Patronage, I don't know any Perſon whoſe good Offices I ſo much ſtood in need of as my Bookſeller's: Therefore, Mr. VAILLANT, I think myſelf obliged to you for the Correctneſs of the Preſs, the Beauty of the Type, and the Goodneſs of the Paper, with which you have decorated this Work of

Your humble Servant,

PALL-MALL, April 21, 1753.

SAM. FOOTE.

PROLOGUE,

Between Mr. MACKLIN and his WIFE.

SHE. TO *contradict me!* —*Blockhead! Ideot! Fool! Sot!*

HE. *But amidst these hard Names, our Dispute is forgot.*
To contradict you I know is High-Treason;
For the Will of a Wife is always her Reason.

SHE. *No, Sir, for once, I'll give up my Pretension,*
And submit to the Pit our Cause of Dissention.

HE. *I agree; for the Pit is our natural Lord.*

LADIES, — —

SHE. —*Hey! How come you to claim the first Word?*
GENTLEMEN, *my Husband and I have had a Dispute,*
Where the Difference lies 'twixt a Man and a Brute;
Which we beg, whilst the Folks for the Farce are preparing,
You would please to decide, and give us the Hearing.
—*Hem! Hem!* —
After Plutarch *of* Rome! *and* Virgil *of* Greece!
And Iliads, *and* Eniends, *and Authors like these;*
I boldly affirm, deny it who can,
That in Laughter consists the true Essence of Man.

Whilst

Whilſt my Husband ——

HE. ——— *Nay, pray let me ſtate my own Caſe,*
And I'll make it as clear as the Noſe in your Face,
That hiſſing in Man preſerves the firſt Place.
To begin then with Critics; —— *'Tis their capital Bliſs,*
Than to laugh, —*don't you find it more pleaſing to hiſs?*
In this all agree; —— Jews! Infidels! Turks!

SHE. *I grant it, ſweet Sir,* —— *if you mean at your Works.*
Yet even 'gainſt that I've a potent Objection;
For every Rule ſtill has its Exception:
Tho' they hiſs'd at your Farces, your Paſquin *and Stuff,*
At your Tragedy ſure they laugh'd hearty enough.
And again, Mr. Wiſeman, regard the World round,
'Tis in Mankind alone that Laughter is found;
Whilſt your favourite hiſſing, ſage Sir, if you pleaſe,
You enjoy but in common with Serpents and Geeſe.

SHE. *And ar'nt you aſhamed* ——*('tis no Time to diſſemble,)*
O Critics! theſe Creatures in this to reſemble?

HE. *Not a Jot; in this Place 'tis of ſingular Uſe,*
Of bad Poets and Players to reform the Abuſe.
In the Practice, kind Sirs! were I fit to adviſe,
The hiſſing like Geeſe I would have you deſpiſe,
And copy the Serpent, ——*be ſubtle and wiſe,*
But free from his Venom. ——*Well, Sirs! What d'ye ſay?*
Is your Judgment ——

SHE. ———— *Let us wait 'till the End of the Play:*
In the Progreſs of that we ſhall eaſily find,
Whether laughing or hiſſing is moſt to their Mind.

HE. *I'm ſure they will hiſs.*

SHE. *And I hope they'll be kind.*

DRA-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. SUBTLE	Mr. *Collins.*
CLASSIC	Mr. *Anderſon.*
BUCK	Mr. *Macklin.*
FATHER	Mr. *Bransby.*
MARQUIS	Mr. *Uſher.*
ROGER	Mr. *Dunſtall.*
DAUPHINE	Mr. *Stoppelaer.*
Peruke-Maker.	
Gamut, *Muſick-Maſter.*	
Kitteau, *Dancing-Maſter.*	
Mrs. SUBTLE	Mrs. *Macklin.*
LUCINDA	Miſs *Macklin.*

Servants, &c.

THE *Engliſhman* in *Paris.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Mr. SUBTLE *and Mr.* CLASSIC.

Mr. SUBTLE.

WELL, well, that may be; but ſtill I ſay that a *Frenchman*——

Claſſic. Is a Fop; it is their national Diſeaſe; not one of the Qualities for which you celebrate them, but owes it's Origin to a Foible; their Taſte is Trifling, their Gaiety Grimace, and their Politeneſs, Pride.

Mr. Sub. Hey-dey! Why what the Duce brings you to *Paris* then?

Claſſ. A Debt to Friendſhip; not but I think a ſhort Reſidence here, a very neceſſary Part in every Man of Faſhion's Education.

Mr. Sub. Where's the Uſe?

Claſſ. In giving them a true reliſh for their own domeſtic Happineſs, a proper Veneration for their national Liberties; a Contempt for Adulation; and an Honour for the extended generous Commerce of their Country.

Mr. Sub. Why there, indeed, you have the preference, Maſter *Claſſic*; the Traders here are a ſharp Set; cozening People; Foreigners are their Food; Civilities with a----Aye! aye! a Congee for a Crown, and a Shrug for a Shilling; deviliſh dear, Maſter *Claſſic*, deviliſh dear.

Claſſ. To avoid their Exactions, we are, Mr. *Subtle*, recommended to your Protection.

Mr Sub. Aye! and wiſely they did, who recommended you: Buy nothing but on mine or my Lady's Recommendation, and you are ſafe. But where was your Charge? Where was Mr. *Buck* laſt Night? My Lady made a Party at Cards, on purpoſe for him, and my Ward *Lucinda* is mightily taken with him; ſhe longs to ſee him again.

Claſſ. I am afraid with the ſame Set his Father ſent him hither to avoid; but we muſt endeavour to inſpire him with a Taſte for the Galantries of this Court, and his Paſſion for the lower Amuſements of ours will diminiſh of courſe.

Mr.

Mr. Sub. All the Fraternity of Men-makers are for that Purpoſe without; Taylors, Peruquiers, Hatters, Hoſiers——Is not that Mr. *Buck's Engliſh* Servant?

——

Enter Roger.

Claſſ. Oh! aye, honeſt *Roger*. So, the old Doings, *Roger*; what Time did your Maſter come Home?

Rog. Between Five and Six, pummell'd to a Jelly: Here been two of his old Comrades follow'd un already; I count we ſhall ha' the whole Gang in a Se'nnight.

Claſſ. Comrades, who?

Rog. Dick Daylight and *Bob Breadbaſket* the Bruiſers: They all went to the Shew together, where they had the Devil to pay; belike they had been ſent to *Bridewell*, hadn't a great Gentleman in a blue String come by and releas'd them.—I hear Maſter's Bell; do, Maſter *Claſſic*, ſtep up and talk to 'un; he's now ſober, and may hearken to Reaſon.

Claſſ. I attend him. Mr. *Subtle*, you won't be out of the Way.

Mr. Sub. I ſhall talk a little with the Tradeſmen. A ſmoaky Fellow, this *Claſſic*; but if *Lucinda* plays her Cards well, we have not much to fear from that Quarter: Contradiction ſeems to be the Life and Soul of young *Buck*.—A tolerable Expedition this,

if it ſucceeds.——Fleece the Younker!——Pſhaw, that's a Thing of Courſe!——but by his Means to get rid of *Lucinda*, and ſecurely pocket her Patrimony;——aye! that indeed----

Enter Mrs. Subtle.

Oh! Wife! Have you open'd the Plot? Does the Girl come into it greedily, hey?

Mrs. Sub. A little ſqueamiſh at firſt; but I have open'd her Eyes. Never fear, my Dear, ſooner or later Women will attend to their Intereſt.

Mr. Sub. Their Intereſt! aye, that's true; but conſider, my Dear, how deeply our own Intereſt is concern'd, and let that quicken your Zeal.

Mrs. Sub. D'ye think I am blind? But the Girl has got ſuch whimſical Notions of Honour, and is withal ſo decent and modeſt: I wonder where the Deuce ſhe got it; I am ſure it was not in my Houſe.

Mr. Sub. How does ſhe like *Buck*'s Perſon?

Mrs. Sub. Well enough! But prithee, Husband, leave her to my Management, and conſider we have more Irons in the Fire than one. Here is the *Marquis de Soleil* to meet *Madam de Farde* to Night,——and where to put 'em, unleſs we can have *Buck*'s Apartment; Oh! by the bye, has *Count Cog*

ſent

ſent you your Share out of Mr. *Puntwell's* Loſings a *Thurſday?*

Mr. Sub. I intend calling on him this Morning.

Mrs. Sub. Don't fail! He's a ſlippery Chap you know.

Mr. Sub. There's no fear. Well, but our pretty Countrywoman lays about her handſomely! Ha!——Hearts by Hundreds! Hum!

Mrs. Sub. Aye! that's a noble Prize, if we could but manage her; but ſhe's ſo indiſcreet, that ſhe'll be blown before we have made half our Market. I am this Morning to give Audience on her Score, to two Counts and a foreign Miniſter.

Mr. Sub. Then ſtrike whilſt the Iron's hot: But they'll be here before I can talk to my People; ſend 'em in, prythee.

Enter Tradeſmen.

Mr. Sub. So, Gentlemen; Oh! huſh! we are interrupted: If they aſk for your Bills, you have left them at Home.

Enter Buck, Claſſic *and* Roger.

Buck. Ecod, I don't know how it ended, but I remember how it begun. Oh! Maſter *Subtle*, how do'ſt, old Buck, hey? Give's thy

thy Paw! And little *Lucy* how fares it with ſhe? Hum!

Mr. Sub. What has been the Matter, Squire? Your Face ſeems a little in Deſhabile.

Buck. A Touch of the Times, old Boy! a ſmall Skirmiſh; after I was down, tho', a Set of cowardly Sons of——; there's *George* and I will box any five for their Sum.

Mr. Sub. But how happen'd it? The *French* are generally civil to Strangers.

Buck. Oh! damn'd civil! to fall ſeven or eight upon three: Seven or eight! Ecod we had the whole Houſe upon us at laſt.

Mr. Sub. But what had you done?

Buck. Done! Why nothing at all! But Wounds how the Powder flew about, and the Monſieurs ſcour'd.

Mr. Sub. But what Offence had either they or you committed?

Buck. Why I was telling Domine, laſt Night, *Dick Daylight*, *Bob Breadbaſket* and I were walking through one of their *Rues* I think they call them here, they are Streets in *London*; but they have ſuch deviliſh out-of-the-way Names for Things, that there is no remembering them; ſo we ſee Crowds of People going into a Houſe, and *Comedy* paſted over the Door; in we troop'd with the reſt, pay'd our Caſh, and ſat down on the Stage; preſently they had a Dance; and one of the young Women with long Hair

trailing

trailing behind her, ſtood with her Back to a Rail, juſt by me: Ecod what does me! for nothing in the World but a Joke, as I hope for Mercy, but ties her Locks to the Rail; ſo when 'twas her Turn to figure out, ſouſe ſhe flapp'd on her Back; 'twas deviliſh comical, but they ſet up ſuch an Uproar, one whey-fac'd Son of a Bitch, that came to looſe the Woman, turn'd up his Noſe, and call'd me *Bête*; Ecod, I lent him a Lick in his Lanthorn Jaws, that will make him remember the Spawn of old *Marlborough*, I warrant him: Another came up to ſecond him, but I let drive at the Mark, made the Soup-Maigre rumble in his Bread-baſket, and laid him ſprawling; then in pour'd a Million of them; I was knock'd down in a trice; and what happen'd after I know no more than you. But where's *Lucy?* I'll go ſee her.

Claſſ. Oh fye! Ladies are treated here with a little more Ceremony: Mr. *Subtle* too has collected theſe People, who are to equip you for the Converſation of the Ladies.

Buck. Wounds! all theſe! What, Mr. *Subtle*, theſe are Mounſeeres too I ſuppoſe?

Mr. Sub. No! Squire, they are *Engliſhmen:* Faſhion has ordain'd, that as you employ none but Foreigners at home, you muſt take up with your own Countrymen here.

Claſſ. It is not in this inſtance alone we are particular, Mr. *Subtle*; I have obſerv'd

many of our pretty Gentlemen, who condeſcend to uſe entirely their native Language here, ſputter nothing but bad *French* in the Side-boxes at Home.

Buck. Look you, Sir, as to you, and your Wife, and Miſs *Lucy*, I like you all well enough; but the Devil a good Thing elſe have I ſeen ſince I loſt Sight of *Dover*; the Men are all Puppies, mincing and dancing, and chattering, and grinning: the Women a Parcel of painted Dolls; their Food's fit for Hogs; and as for their Language, let them learn it that like it, I'll none on't; no, nor their Frippery neither: So here you may all march to the Place from whence you —— Harkee! What are you an *Engliſhman?*

Barber. Yes, Sir.

Buck. Domine! Look here, what a Monſter the Monkey has made of himſelf? Sirrah! if your String was long enough, I'd do your Buſineſs myſelf you Dog, to ſink a bold *Briton* into ſuch a ſneaking, ſnivelling——the Raſcal looks as if he had not had a Piece of Beef and Pudding in his Paunch theſe twenty Years; I'll be hang'd if the Rogue ha'nt been fed upon Frogs ever ſince he came over. Away with your Trumpery!

Claſſ. Mr. *Buck*, a Compliance with the Cuſtoms of the Country in which we live, where

where neither our Religion or Morals are concern'd, is a Duty we owe ourſelves.

Mr. Sub. Beſides, Squire, *Lucinda* expects that you ſhould uſher her to public Places; which it would be impoſſible to do in that Dreſs.

Buck. Why not?

Mr. Sub. You'd be mobb'd.

Buck. Mobb'd! I ſhould be glad to ſee that.——No! no! they ha'nt Spirit enough to mob here; but come, ſince theſe Fellows here are *Engliſh*, and it is the Faſhion, try on your Fooleries.

Mr. Sub. Mr. *Dauphine*, come produce;——Upon my Word, in an elegant Taſte, Sir; this Gentleman has had the Honour----

Dauph. To work for all the Beaux Eſprits of the Court. My good Fortune commenc'd by a ſmall Alteration in a Cut of the Corner of the Sleeve for Count *Crib*; but the Addition of a ninth Plait in the Skirt of Marſhal *Tonerre*, was applauded by Madam la Ducheſs *Rambouillet*, and totally eſtabliſh'd the Reputation of your humble Servant.

Buck. Hold your Jaw and diſpatch.

Mr. Sub. A Word with you——I don't think it impoſſible to get you acquainted with Madam *de Rambouillet*.

Buck. An't ſhe a Papiſt?

Mr. Sub. Undoubtedly.

Buck. Then I'll ha' nothing to ſay to her.

Mr. Sub. Oh fie! Who minds the Religion of a pretty Woman? Beſides all this Country are of the ſame.

Buck. For that Reaſon I don't care how ſoon I get out of it: Come, let's get rid of you all as ſoon as we can. And what are you, hey?

Barb. Je ſuis Peruquier, Monſieur.

Buck. Speak *Engliſh*, you Son of a Whore.

Barb. I am a Perriwig-maker, Sir.

Buck. Then why could not you ſay ſo at firſt? What are you aſham'd of your Mother Tongue? I knew this Fellow was a Puppy by his Pig-tail. Come, let's ſee your handy Work.

Barb. As I found you were in a Hurry, I have brought you, Sir, ſomething that will do for the preſent: But a Peruque is a different Ouvrage, another Sort of a Thing here, from what it is *en Angleterre*; we muſt conſult the Colour of the Complexion, and the *Tour de Viſage*, the Form of the Face; for which End, it will be neceſſary to regard your Countenance in different Lights:——A little to the Right, if you pleaſe.

Buck. Why you Dog, d'ye think I'll ſubmit to be exerciſed by you?

Barb. Oh mon Dieu! Monſieur, if you don't, it will be impoſſible to make your Wig *comm' il faut*.

Buck.

Buck. Sirrah, ſpeak another *French* Word, and I'll kick you down Stairs.

Barb. Gad's Curſe! Would you reſemble ſome of your Countrymen, who, at at their firſt Importation with nine Hairs of a Side to a brawny Pair of Cheeks, look like a *Saracen*'s Head! Or elſe their Water-gruel Jaws ſunk in a Thicket of Curls, appear, for all the World, like a Lark in a Soup-diſh!

Mr. Sub. Come, Squire, ſubmit; 'tis but for once.

Buck. Well, what muſt I do?

[*Places him in a Chair.*

Barb. To the Right, Sir;—now to the Left;----now your full——and now, Sir, I'll do your Buſineſs.

Mr. Sub. Look at yourſelf a little; ſee what a Revolution this has occaſion'd in your whole Figure.

Buck. Yes! a bloody pretty Figure indeed! But 'tis a Figure I am damnably aſham'd of: I would not be ſeen by *Jack Wildfire* or *Dick Riot* for fifty Pounds, in this Trim, for all that.

Mr. Sub. Upon my Honour, Dreſs greatly improves you. Your Opinion, Mr. *Claſſic.*

Claſſ. They do mighty well, Sir; and in a little Time Mr. *Buck* will be eaſy in them.

Buck. Shall I! I am glad on't, for I am damnably uneaſy at preſent, Mr. *Subtle.* What muſt I do now?

Mr. Sub. Now, Sir, if you'll call upon my Wife, you'll find *Lucinda* with her, and I'll wait on you preſently.

Buck. Come along, Domine! But harkee, Mr. *Subtle*, I'll out of my Tramels, when I hunt with the King.

Mr. Sub. Well! Well!

Buck. I'll on with my Jemmys; none of your black Bags and Jack Boots for me.

Mr. Sub. No! No!

Buck. I'll ſhew them the Odds on't! old *Silver-Tail!* I will! Hey!

Mr. Sub. Ay! ay!

Buck. Hedge, Stake, or Stile! over we go!

Mr. Sub. Ay! But Mr. *Claſſic* waits.

Buck. But d'ye think they'll follow?

Mr. Sub. Oh no! Impoſſible!

Buck. Did I tell you what a Chace ſhe carry'd me laſt *Chriſtmas* Eve, we unkennell'd at ——.

Mr. Sub. I am buſy now; at any other Time.

Buck. You'll follow us. I have ſent for my Hounds and Horſes.

Mr. Sub. Have you?

Buck. They ſhall make the Tour of *Europe* with me: And then there's *Tom Atkins* the Huntſman, the two Whippers-in, and little *Joey* the Groom comes with them. Dammy, what a ſtrange Place they'll think this? But no Matter for that; then we ſhall be

be Company enough of ourſelves. But you'll follow us in?

Mr. Sub. In ten Minutes!——An impertinent Jackanapes! But I ſhall ſoon ha' done with him. So, Gentlemen; well, you ſee we have a good Subject to work upon. Harkee, *Dauphine*, I muſt have more than 20 *per Cent.* out of that Suit.

Dauph. Upon my Soul, Mr. *Subtle*, I can't.

Mr. Sub. Why I have always that upon new.

Dauph. New! Sir! Why as I hope to be—

Mr. Sub. Come, don't lie; don't damn yourſelf, *Dauphine*; don't be a Rogue; did not I ſee at Madam *Fripon*'s that Waiſtcoat and Sleeves upon Colonel *Crambo?*

Dauph. As to the Waiſtcoat and Sleeves, I own;----but for the Body and Lining---- may I never ſee——

Mr. Sub. Come, don't be a Scoundrel; five and thirty, or I've done.

Dauph. Well, if I muſt, I muſt.

Mr. Sub. Oh! *Solitaire!* I can't pay that Draft of Mr. ——, theſe ſix Weeks; I want Money.

Soli. Je ſuis dans le meme cas——Je—

Mr. Sub. What d'ye mutiny, Raſcal? About your Buſineſs, or——

[*Exeunt.*

I muſt keep theſe Fellows under, or I ſhall

ſhall have a fine Time on't; they know they can't do without me.

Enter Mrs. Subtle.

Mrs. Sub. The *Calais* Letters! my Dear.

Mr. Sub. (*reads*) Ah! ah! *Calais*----the *Dover* Packet arrived laſt Night, Loading as follows: Six Taylors, ditto Barbers, five Milliners, bound for *Paris* to ſtudy Faſhions; four Citizens come to ſettle here for a Month by way of ſeeing the Country; ditto their Wives; ten *French* Valets, with nine Cooks, all from *Newgate*, where they had been ſent for robbing their Maſters; nine Figure-dancers, exported in *September* ragged and lean, imported well clad and in good Caſe; twelve Dogs, ditto Bitches, with two Monkies, and a Litter of Puppies from Mother *Midnight*'s in the *Haymarket*: A precious Cargo! *Poſtſcript*. One of the Coaſters is juſt put in, with his Grace the Duke of ———, my Lord, and an old Gentleman, whoſe Name I can't learn. Gadſo! Well, my Dear, I muſt run, and try to ſecure theſe Cuſtomers; there's no Time to be loſt: Mean while-----

Enter

Enter Claſſic.

So, Maſter *Claſſic*, what have you left the young Couple together?

Claſſ. They want your Ladyſhip's Preſence, Madam, for a ſhort Tour to the *Tuilleries*. I have received ſome Letters which I muſt anſwer immediately.

Mr. Sub. Oh! Well! Well! no Ceremony; we are all of a Family, you know. Servant. *Exit.*]

Claſſ. Roger!

Enter Roger.

Rog. Anon!

Claſſ. I have juſt received a Letter from your old Maſter; he was landed at *Calais*, and will be this Evening at *Paris*. It is abſolutely neceſſary that this Circumſtance ſhould be conceal'd from his Son; for which Purpoſe you muſt wait at the *Piccardy* Gate, and deliver a Letter I ſhall give you, into his own Hand.

Rog. I'll warrant you.

Claſſ. But, *Roger*, be ſecret.

Rog. Oh! lud! Never you fear!

Claſſ. So, Mr. *Subtle*, I ſee your Aim. A pretty Lodging we have hit upon; the Miſtreſs a Commode, and the Maſter a -----. But who can this Ward be? Poſſibly the neglected

neglected Punk of ſome riotous Man of Quality. 'Tis lucky Mr. *Buck*'s Father is arriv'd, or my Authority would prove but an inſufficient Match for my Pupil's Obſtinacy. This mad Boy! How difficult, how diſagreeable a Task have I undertaken? And how general, yet how dangerous an Experiment is it to expoſe our Youth, in the very Fire and Fury of their Blood, to all the Follies and Extravagance of this fantaſtic Court? Far different was the prudent Practice of our Forefathers,

They ſcorn'd to truck, for baſe unmanly Arts,
Their native Plainneſs, and their honeſt Hearts;
Whene'er they deign'd to viſit haughty France,
'Twas arm'd with bearded Dart, and pointed Launce.
No pompous Pageants lur'd their curious Eye,
No Charms for them had Fops or Flattery;
Paris *they knew, their Streamers wav'd around,*
There Britons *ſaw a* Britiſh Harry *crown'd.*
Far other Views attract our modern Race,
Trulls, Toupees, Trinckets, Bags, Brocades and Lace;
A flaunting Form, and a fictitious Face.
Rouſe! re-aſſume! refuſe a Gallic *Reign,*
Nor let their Arts win that their Arms could never gain.

End of the Firſt ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

Enter Mr. Claſſic *and* Roger.

ROGER.

OLD Maiſter's at a Coffee-houſe next Street, and will tarry 'till you ſend for 'un.

Claſſ. Bye and bye, in the Dusk, bring him up the back Stairs. You muſt be careful that nobody ſees him.

Rog. I warrant you.

Claſſ. Let Sir *John* know, that I would wait on him myſelf, but I don't think it ſafe to quit the Houſe an Inſtant.

Rog. Ay, ay. [*Exit* Roger.

Claſſ. I ſuppoſe, by this Time, Matters are pretty well ſettled within, and my Abſence only wanted to accompliſh the Scene; but I ſhall take Care to——— Oh! Mr. *Subtle*, and his Lady.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Subtle.

Mrs. Sub. Oh! delightfully! Now, my Deareſt, I hope you will no longer diſpute my Abilities for forming a Female.

Mr. Sub. Never, never: How the Baggage leer'd!

Mrs. Sub. And the Booby gap'd!

Mr. Sub. So kind, and yet ſo coy; ſo free, but then ſo reſerv'd; Oh! ſhe has him!

Mrs. Sub. Aye! aye! the Fiſh is hook'd; but then ſafely to land him.----Is *Claſſic* ſuſpicious?

Mr. Sub. Not that I obſerve; but the Secret muſt ſoon be blaz'd.

Mrs Sub. Therefore diſpatch: I have laid a Trap to enflame his Affection.

Mr. Sub. How?

Mrs. Sub. He ſhall be treated with a Diſplay of *Lucy*'s Talents; her ſinging, dancing.

Mr. Sub. Pſhaw! her ſinging and dancing!

Mrs. Sub. Ah! you don't know, Huſband, half the Force of theſe Accompliſhments in a faſhionable Figure.

Mr. Sub. I doubt her Execution.

Mrs. Sub. You have no Reaſon; ſhe does both well enough to flatter a Fool; eſpecially with Love for her ſecond: Beſides, I have a Coup de Maitre, a ſure Card.

Mr.

Mr. Sub. What's that?

Mrs. Sub. A Rival.

Mr. Sub. Who?

Mrs. Sub. The Language-Maſter: He may be eaſily equipt for the Expedition; a ſecond-hand tawdry Suit of Cloaths, will paſs him on our Countryman for a Marquiſs; and then to excuſe his ſpeaking our Language ſo well, he may have been educated early in *England*. But huſh! the Squire approaches; don't ſeem to obſerve him.

Enter Buck.

For my Part, I never ſaw any Thing ſo alter'd ſince I was born: In my Conſcience, I believe ſhe's in Love with him.

Buck. Huſh! [*Aſide.*]

Mr. Sub. D'ye think ſo?

Mrs. Sub. Why, where's the Wonder? He's a pretty, good-humour'd, ſprightly Fellow; and, for the Time, ſuch an Improvement! Why he wears his Cloaths as eaſily, and moves as genteely, as if he had been at *Paris* theſe twenty Years.

Mr. Sub. Indeed! How does he dance?

Mrs. Sub. Why he has had but three Leſſons from *Marſeil*, and he moves already like *Dupré*. Oh! three Months Stay here, will render him a perfect Model for the *Engliſh* Court.

Mr. Sub. Gadſo! No wonder then, with theſe Qualities, that he has caught the Heart of my Ward; but we muſt take Care that the Girl does nothing imprudent.

Mrs. Sub. Oh! diſmiſs your Fears; her Family, good Senſe, and more than all, her being educated under my Eye, render them unneceſſary; beſides, Mr. *Buck* is too much a Man of Honour to ———

[*He interrupts them.*]

Buck. Damn me, if I an't.

Mrs. Sub. Bleſs me! Sir! you here! I did not expect ———

Buck. I beg Pardon; but all that I heard was, that Mr. *Buck* was a Man of Honour. I wanted to have ſome Chat with you, Madam, in private.

Mr. Sub. Then I'll withdraw. You ſee I dare truſt you alone with my Wife.

Buck. So you may ſafely; I have other Game in View. Servant, Mr. *Subtle.*

Mrs. Sub. Now for a puzzling Scene: I long to know how he'll begin. Well, Mr. *Buck*, your Commands with me, Sir.

Buck. Why, Madam,——I ah----I ah------but let's ſhut the Door: I was, Madam, ——ah! ah! Can't you gueſs what I want to talk about?

Mrs. Sub. Not I, indeed, Sir.

Buck. Well, but try; upon my Soul I'll tell you, if you're right.

Mrs.

Mrs. Sub. It will be impoſſible for me to divine: But come, open a little!

Buck. Why, have you obſerv'd nothing?

Mrs. Buck. About who?

Buck. Why, about me!

Mrs. Sub. Yes; you are new-dreſs'd, and your Cloaths become you.

Buck. Yes! Pretty well; but it an't that.

Mrs. Sub. What is it?

Buck. Why, ah! ah!----Upon my Soul, I can't bring it out.

Mrs. Sub. Nay, then it's to no Purpoſe to wait: Write your Mind.

Buck. No! No! Stop a Moment, and I will tell.

Mrs. Sub. Be expeditious, then.

Buck. Why, I wanted to talk about Miſs *Lucinda*.

Mrs. Sub. What of her?

Buck. She's a bloody fine Girl; and I ſhould be glad to———

Mrs. Sub. To-----Bleſs me! What! Mr. *Buck!* And in my Houſe! Oh! Mr. *Buck*, you have deceiv'd me! Little did I think, that, under the Appearance of ſo much Honeſty, you could go to———

Buck. Upon my Soul, you're miſtaken.

Mrs. Sub. A poor Orphan too! Depriv'd in her earlieſt Infancy of a Father's Prudence, and a Mother's Care.

Buck. Why I tell you———

Mrs. Sub. So ſweet, ſo lovely an Innocence;

cence; her Mind as ſpotleſs as her Perſon.

Buck. Hey-day!

Mrs. Sub. And me, Sir! Where had you your Thoughts of me? How dar'd you ſuppoſe that I would connive at ſuch a——

Buck. The Woman's bewitch'd!

Mrs. Sub. I! whoſe untainted Reputation the bliſtering Tongue of Slander never blaſted. Full fifteen Years, in Wedlock's ſacred Bands, have I liv'd unreproach'd; and now to ——

Buck. Od's Fury! She's in Heroics!

Mrs. Sub. And this from you too, whoſe fair Outſide and bewitching Tongue had ſo far lull'd my Fears, I dar'd have truſted all my Daughters, nay, myſelf too, ſingly, with you.

Buck. Upon my Soul! and ſo you might ſafely.

Mrs. Sub. Well, Sir, and what have you to urge in your Defence?

Buck. Oh! oh! What you are got pretty well to the End of your Line, are you? And now, if you'll be quiet a Bit, we may make a Shift to underſtand one another a little.

Mrs. Sub. Be quick, and eaſe me of my Fears.

Buck. Eaſe you of your Fears! I don't know how the Devil you got them. All that I wanted to ſay was, that Miſs *Lucy* was

was a fine Wench; and if ſhe was as willing as me,——

Mr. Sub. Willing! Sir! What Demon——

Buck. If you are in your Airs again, I may as well decamp.

Mrs. Sub. I am calm; go on.

Buck. Why that if ſhe lik'd me, as well as I lik'd her, we might, perhaps, if you lik'd it too, be married together.

Mrs. Sub. Oh! Sir! if that was indeed your Drift, I am ſatisfy'd. But don't indulge your Wiſh too much; there are numerous Obſtacles; your Father's Conſent, the Law of the Land,——

Buck. What Laws?

Mrs. Sub. All clandeſtine Marriages are void in this Country.

Buck. Damn the Country: In *London* now, a Footman may drive to *May-Fair*, and in five Minutes be tack'd to a Counteſs; but there's no Liberty here.

Mrs. Sub. Some inconſiderate Couples have indeed gone off Poſt to Proteſtant States; but I hope my Ward will have more Prudence.

Buck. Well, well, leave that to me. D'ye think ſhe likes me?

Mrs. Sub. Why, to deal candidly with you, ſhe does.

Buck. Does ſhe, by——

Mrs. Sub. Calm your Tranſports.

Buck.

Buck. Well! But how? She did not, did ſhe! Hey! Come now, tell——

Mrs. Sub. I hear her coming; this is her Hour for Muſic and Dancing.

Buck. Could I not have a peep?

Mrs. Sub. Withdraw to this Corner.

Enter Lucinda, *with Singing and Dancing-Maſters.*

Luc. The News; the News, Monſieur *Gamut*; I die, if I have not the firſt Intelligence! What's doing at *Verſailles?* When goes the Court to *Marli?* Does *Rameau* write the next Opera? What ſay the Critics of *Voltaire*'s *Duke de Foix?* Anſwer me all in a Breath!

Buck. A brave-ſpirited Girl! She'll take a five-barr'd Gate in a Fortnight.

Gam. The Converſation of the Court your Ladyſhip has engroſs'd, ever ſince you laſt honour'd it with your Appearance.

Luc. Oh! you Flatterer! have I! Well! and what freſh Victims? But 'tis impoſſible; the Sunſhine of a northern Beauty is too feeble to thaw the icy Heart of a *French* Courtier.

Gam. What Injuſtice to your own Charms and our Diſcernment!

Luc. Indeed! nay, I care not; if I have Fire enough to warm one *Britiſh* Boſom,

rule!

rule! rule! ye *Paris* Belles! I envy not your Conqueſts.

Mrs. Sub. Meaning you.

Buck. Indeed!

Mrs. Sub. Certain!

Buck. Huſh!

Luc. But come, a Truce to Galantry, *Gamut*, and to the Buſineſs of the Day: Oh! I am quite enchanted with this new inſtrument; 'tis ſo languiſhing and ſo portable, and ſo ſoft and ſo ſilly: But come, for your laſt Leſſon.

Gam. D'ye like the Words?

Luc. Oh! Charming! They are ſo melting, and eaſy, and elegant. Now for a *Coup d'Eſſaï.*

Gam. Take Care of your Expreſſion; let your Eyes and Addreſs accompany the Sound and Sentiment.

Luc. But, dear *Gamut*, if I am out, don't interrupt me; correct me afterwards.

Gam. Alons, commencés.

SONG.

I.

PAR un matin Liſette ſe leva,
Et dans un bois ſeulette s'en alla.
Ta, la, la, &c.

II.

Elle cherchoit des nids de ça de la,
Dans un buiſſon le Roſſignol chanta.
Ta, la, la, &c.

III.

Tout doucement elle s'en approcha,
Savez vous bien, ce qu'elle denicha.
Ta, la, la.

IV.

C'étoit l'Amour, l'Amour l'attendoit la,
Le bel Oiſeau dit elle que voila.
Ta, la, la.

V.

La pauvre enfant le prit, le careſſa,
Sous ſon mouchoir en riant le plaça.
Ta, la, la.

VI.

Son petit cœur auſſitot s'enflama,
Elle gemit, et ne ſçait ce quelle a.
Ta, la, la.

VII.

Elle s'en va ſe plaindre à ſon papa,
En lui parlant la belle ſoupira.
Ta, la, la.

VIII.

Le bon Papa qui s'en doutoit deja.
Lui dit je ſçais un remede à cela.
Ta, la, la.

IX.

Il prit l'Amour, les ailes lui coupa,
D'un double noeud fertement le lia.
Ta, la, la.

X.

Dans la voliere auſſitot l'enferma,
Chantez Fripon autant qu'il vous plaira.
Ta, la, la.

XI.

Heureuſement la belle s'en tira,
Mais on n'a pas toujours ce ſecret la.
Ta, la, la.

XII.

Jeune beauté que l'Amour guetera,
Craignez le tour qu'à Liſſette il joua.
Ta, la, la.

Gam. Bravo! Bravo!

Buck. Bravo! Braviſſimo! My Lady, what was the Song about? [*Aſide to my Lady.*

Mrs. Sub. Love: 'Tis her own compoſing.

Buck. What, does ſhe make Verſes then?

Mrs. Sub. Finely. I take you to be the Subject of theſe.

Buck. Ah! D'ye think ſo! Gad! I thought by her ogling, 'twas the Muſic-Man himſelf.

Luc. Well, Mr. *Gamut*; tolerably well, for ſo young a Scholar.

Gam. Inimitably, Madam! Your Ladyſhip's Progreſs will undoubtedly fix my Fortune.

Enter Servant.

Luc. Your Servant, Sir.

Ser. Madam, your Dancing-Maſter, Monſieur *Kitteau*.

Luc. Admit him.

Enter Kitteau.

Monſieur *Kitteau*, I can't poſſibly take Leſſon this Morning, I am ſo buſy; but if you pleaſe,

pleaſe, I'll juſt hobble over a Minuet by way of Exerciſe.

Enter a Servant. [*After the Dance.*

Serv. Monſieur le Marquis de ———

Luc. Admit him this Inſtant.

Mrs. Sub. A Lover of *Lucinda*; a *Frenchman* of Faſhion, and vaſt Fortune.

Buck. Never heed; I'll ſoon do his Buſineſs, I'll warrant you.

Enter Marquis.

Luc. My dear Marquis!

Mar. Ma chere adorable! 'Tis an Age ſince I ſaw you.

Luc. Oh! An Eternity! But 'tis your own Fault, though.

Marq. My Misfortune, *ma Princeſſe!* But now I'll redeem my Error, and root for ever here.

Buck. I ſhall make a Shift to tranſplant you, I believe.

Luc. You can't conceive how your Abſence has diſtreſs'd me. Demand of theſe Gentlemen the melancholy Mood of my Mind.

Marq. But now that I am arriv'd, we'll dance and ſing, and drive Care to the——Ha! Monſieur *Kitteau!* have you practis'd this Morning?

Luc.

Luc. I had juſt given my Hand to *Kitteau* before ycu came.

Marq. I was in Hopes that Honour would have been reſerv'd for me. May I flatter myſelf that your Ladyſhip will do me the Honour of venturing upon the Fatigue of another Minuet this Morning with me?

Enter Buck *briſkly. Takes her Hand.*

Buck. Not that you know of, Monſieur.

Marq. Hey! *Diable! Quelle Bête!*

Buck. Harkee, Monſieur *Ragout*, if you repeat that Word *Bête*, I ſhall make you ſwallow it again, as I did laſt Night one of your Countrymen.

Marq. Quel Sauvage!

Buck. And another Word; as I know you can ſpeak very good *Engliſh*, if you will; when you don't, I ſhall take it for granted you're abuſing me, and treat you accordingly.

Marq. Cavalier enough! But you are protected here. Madamoiſelle, who is this officious Gentleman? How comes he intereſted? Some Relation, I ſuppoſe!

Buck. No; I'm a Lover.

Marq. Oh! oh! a Rival! Eh Morbleu! a dangerous one too. Ha! ha! Well, Monſieur, what, and I ſuppoſe you preſume to give Laws to this Lady; and are determin'd, out of your very great and ſingular

gular Affection, to knock down every Mortal ſhe likes, *A-la-mode d'Angleterre*; Hey! Monſieur Roaſt-Beef!

Buck. No; but I intend that Lady for my Wife; conſider her as ſuch; and don't chuſe to have her ſoil'd by the impertinent Addreſſes of every *French* Fop, *A-la-mode de Paris*, Mounſieur Fricaſſy!

Marq. Fricaſſy!

Buck. We.

Luc. A Truce; a Truce, I beſeech you, Gentlemen: It ſeems I am the golden Prize for which you plead; produce your Pretenſions; you are the Repreſentatives of your reſpective Countries; begin, Marquis, for the Honour of *France:* Let me hear what Advantages I am to derive from a Conjugal Union with you.

Marq. Abſtracted from thoſe which I think are pretty viſible; a perpetual Reſidence in this Paradiſe of Pleaſures; to be the Object of univerſal Adoration; to ſay what you pleaſe, go where you will, do what you like, form Faſhions, hate your Huſband, and let him ſee it; indulge your Galant, and let t'other know it; run in Debt, and oblige the poor Devil to pay it. He! Ma chere! There are Pleaſures for you.

Luc. Bravo! Marquis! Theſe are Allurements for a Woman of Spirit; but don't let us conclude too haſtily; hear the other Side:

What

What have you to offer, Mr. *Buck*, in favour of *England?*

Buck. Why, Madam, for a Woman of Spirit, they give you the ſame Advantages in *London* as at *Paris*, with a Privilege forgot by the Marquis, an indiſputable Right to cheat at Cards, in ſpight of Detection.

Mar. Pardon me, Sir, we have the ſame; but I thought this Privilege ſo known and univerſal, that 'twas needleſs to mention it.

Buck. You'll give up nothing, I find; but to tell you my blunt Thoughts, in a Word, if any Woman can be ſo abandon'd, as to rank amongſt the Comforts of Matrimony, the Privilege of hating her Huſband, and the Liberty of committing every Folly and every Vice contained in your Catalogue, ſhe may ſtay ſingle for me; for damn me, if I'm a Huſband fit for her Humour; that's all.

Marq. I told you, Madamoiſelle!

Luc. But ſtay, what have you to offer as Counterbalance for theſe Pleaſures?

Buck. Why, I have, Madam, Courage to protect you, Good-nature to indulge your Love, and Health enough to make Galants uſeleſs, and too good a Fortune to render running in Debt neceſſary. Find that here if you can.

Marq. Bagatelle!

Luc. Spoke with the Sincerity of a *Briton*; and as I don't perceive that I ſhall have any Uſe for the faſhionable Liberties

you

you propoſe, you'll pardon, Marquis, my national Prejudice, here's my hand, Mr. *Buck.*

Buck. Servant, Monſieur!

Marq. Serviteur!

Buck. No Offence!

Marq. Not in the leaſt; I am only afraid the Reputation of that Lady's Taſte will ſuffer a little; and to ſhew her at once the difference of her Choice, the Preference, which if beſtow'd on me, would not fail to exaſperate you, I ſupport without murmuring; ſo, that Favour which would probably have provok'd my Fate, is now your Protection. *Voila la politeſſe Françoiſe*, Madam; I have the Honour to be —— *Bon Jour, Monſieur.* Tol de rol. *Exit* Marq.

Buck. The Fellow bears it well. Now if you'll give me your Hand, we'll in, and ſettle Matters with Mr. *Subtle.*

Luc. 'Tis now my Duty to obey.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Roger, *peeping about.*

Rog. The Coaſt is clear; Sir, Sir, you may come in now, Maſter *Claſſic.*

Enter Mr. Claſſic *and the Father.*

Claſſ. Roger, watch at the Door. I wiſh, Sir *John*, I could give you a more chearful Welcome, but we have no Time to loſe in Ceremony; you are arrived in the critical Minute; two Hours more would have plac'd the inconſiderate Couple out of the Reach of Purſuit.

Father. How can I acknowledge your Kindneſs? You have preſerv'd my Son; you have ſav'd——

Claſſ. I have done my Duty; but of that——

Rog. Maiſter and the young Woman's coming.

Claſſ. Sir *John*, place yourſelf here, and be a Witneſs how near a Criſis is the Fate of your Family.

Enter Buck *and* Lucinda.

Buck. Pſhaw! What ſignifies her? 'Tis odds whether ſhe'd conſent, from the Fear of my Father. Beſides, ſhe told me, we could

could never be married here; and ſo pack up a few Things, and we'll off in a Poſt-Chaiſe directly.

Luc. Stay, Mr. *Buck*, let me have a Moment's Reflection.—— What am I about! Contriving in concert with the moſt profligate Couple that ever diſgrac'd Human Nature, to impoſe an indigent Orphan on the ſole Repreſentative of a wealthy and honorable Family! Is this a Character becoming my Birth and Education? What muſt be the Conſequence? Sure Detection and Contempt, Contempt even from him, when his Paſſions cool.——I have reſolv'd, Sir.

Buck. Madam.

Luc. As the Expedition we are upon the Point of taking is to be a laſting one, we ought not to be over-haſty in our Reſolution.

Buck. Pſhaw! Stuff! When a Thing's reſolv'd, the ſooner 'tis over the better.

Luc. But before it is abſolutely reſolv'd, give me Leave to beg an Anſwer to two Queſtions.

Buck. Make Haſte then.

Luc. What are your Thoughts of me?

Buck. Thoughts! Nay, I don't know; why that you are a ſenſible, civil, handſome, handy Girl, and will make a deviliſh good Wife. That's all I think.

Luc. But of my Rank and Fortune?

Buck. Mr. *Subtle* ſays they are both great; but that's no Buſineſs of mine, I was always determin'd to marry for Love.

Luc. Generouſly ſaid! My Birth, I believe, won't diſgrace you; but for my Fortune, your Friend, Mr. *Subtle*, I fear has anticipated you there.

Buck. Much Good may it do him; I have enough for both; but we loſe Time, and may be prevented.

Luc. By whom?

Buck. By *Domine*; or perhaps Father may come!

Luc. Your Father!—You think he would prevent you then.

Buck. Perhaps he would.

Luc. And why?

Buck. Nay, I don't know; but pſhaw! 'Zooks! this is like ſaying one's Catechiſe.

Luc. But don't you think your Father's Conſent neceſſary?

Buck. No! Why 'tis I am to be married, and not he. But come along, old Fellows love to be obſtinate; but 'Ecod I am as muliſh as he; and to tell you the Truth, if he had propos'd me a Wife, that would have been Reaſon enough to make me diſlike her; and I don't think I ſhould be half ſo hot

about

about marrying you, only I thought 'twould plague the old Fellow damnably. So, my pretty Partner, come along; let's have no more——

Enter Father and Claſſic.

Fath. Sir, I am oblig'd to you for this Declaration, as, to it I owe the entire Subjection of that paternal Weakneſs, which has hitherto ſuſpended the Correction your abandon'd Libertiniſm has long provok'd. You have forgot the Duty you owe a Father, diſclaim'd my Protection, cancell'd the natural Covenant between us; 'tis Time I now ſhould give you up to the Guidance of your own guilty Paſſions, and treat you as a Stranger to my Blood for ever.

Buck. I told you what would happen if he ſhould come; but you may thank yourſelf.

Fath. Equally weak as wicked, the Dupe of a raw giddy Girl. But proceed, Sir; you have nothing farther to fear from me; compleat your Project, and add her Ruin to your own.

Buck.

Buck. Sir, as to me, you may ſay what you pleaſe.; but for the young Woman, ſhe does not deſerve it; but now ſhe wanted me to get your Conſent, and told me that ſhe had never a Penny of Portion into the Bargain.

Fath. A ſtale, obvious Artifice! She knew the Diſcovery of the Fraud muſt follow cloſe on your inconſiderate Marriage, and would then plead the Merits of her prior candid Diſcovery: The Lady, doubtleſs Sir, has other Secrets to diſcloſe; but as her Cunning reveal'd the firſt, her Policy will preſerve the reſt.

Luc. What Secrets?

Buck. Be quiet, I tell you; let him alone, and he'll cool of himſelf by and by.

Luc. Sir, I am yet the Protectreſs of my own Honour; in Juſtice to that, I muſt demand an Explanation. What Secrets, Sir!

Fath. Oh! Perhaps a thouſand! But I am to blame to call them Secrets; the Cuſtoms of this gay Country give Sanction, and ſtamp Merit upon Vice; and Vanity will here proclaim what Modeſty would elſewhere bluſh to whiſper.

Luc.

Luc. Modeſty!—You ſuſpect my Virtue then!

Fath. You are a Lady; but the Fears of a Father may be permitted to neglect a little your Plan of Politeneſs: Therefore, to be plain; from your Reſidence in this Houſe, from your Connexion with theſe People, and from the Scheme which my Preſence has interrupted, I have Suſpicions——of what Nature, ask yourſelf.

Luc. Sir, you have Reaſon, Appearances are againſt me, I confeſs, but when you have heard my melancholy Story, you'll own you have wrong'd me, and learn to pity her whom now you hate.

Fath. Madam, you miſemploy your Time; there tell your Story, there it will be believ'd; I am too knowing in the Wiles of Women, to be ſoften'd by a Syren Tear, or impos'd on by an artful Tale.

Luc. But hear me, Sir, on my Knee, I beg it, nay I demand it, you have wrong'd me, and muſt do me Juſtice.

Claſſ. I am ſure, Madam, Sir *John*, will be glad to find his Fears are falſe, but you can't blame him.

Luc. I don't, Sir, and I ſhall but little treſpaſs on his Patience: when you know, Sir, that I am the Orphan of an honourable and once wealthy Family, whom her Father,

ther, miſguided by pernicious Politics, brought with him, in her earlieſt Infancy, to *France*, that dying here, he bequeath'd me, with the poor remnant of our ſhatter'd Fortune, to the Direction of this rapacious Pair; I am ſure you'll tremble for me.

Fath. Go on!

Luc. But when you know that plunder'd of the little fortune left me, I was reluctantly compell'd to aid this Plot; forced to comply under the Penalty of deepeſt Want; without one hoſpitable Roof to ſhelter me, without one Friend to comfort or relieve me; you muſt, you can't but pity me.

Fath. Proceed!

Luc. To this when you are told, that, previous to your Coming, I had determined never to wed your Son, at leaſt without your Knowledge and Conſent, I hope your Juſtice then will credit and acquit me.

Fath. Madam, your Tale is plauſible and moving, I hope 'tis true; here come the Explainers of this Riddle.

Enter Mr. and Mrs. Subtle.

Mr. Subtle. Buck's Father!

Fath.

Fath. I'll take ſome other Time, Sir, to thank you for the laſt Proofs of your Friendſhip to my Family; in the mean Time, be ſo candid as to inſtruct us in the Knowledge of this Lady, whom, it ſeems, you have choſen for the Partner of my Son.

Mr. Sub. Mr. *Buck*'s Partner —— I choſe —— I —— I ——

Fath. No Equivocation, or Reſerve, your Plot's reveal'd, known to the Bottom; who is the Lady?

Mr. Sub. Lady, Sir, --- the Lady's a Gentlewoman, Sir.

Fath. By what Means?

Mr. Sub. By her Father and Mother.

Fath. Who were they, Sir?

Mr. Sub. Her Mother was of, —— I forget her Maiden Name.

Fath. You han't forgot her Father's?

Mr. Sub. No! No! No!

Fath. Tell it then.

Mr. Sub. She has told it you, I ſuppoſe.

Fath. No Matter, I muſt have it Sir from you; here's ſome Myſtery.

Mr. Sub. 'Twas *Worthy*.

Fath. Not the Daughter of Sir *Gilbert*.

Mr. Sub. You have it.

Fath. My poor Girl! I indeed, have wrong'd, but will redreſs you, and pray, Sir, after the many preſſing Letters you received from

from me, how came this Truth concealed? but I gueſs your Motive; dry up your Tears, *Lucinda*, at laſt you have found a Father. Hence ye degenerate, ye abandon'd wretches, who, abuſing the Confidence of your Country, unite to plunder thoſe ye promiſe to protect.

Luc. Am I then juſtified?

Fath. You are, your Father was my firſt and firmeſt Friend, I mourn'd his Loſs; and long have ſought for thee in vain, *Lucinda*.

Buck. Pray han't I ſome Merit in finding her, ſhe's mine by the Cuſtom of the Manor.

Fath. Yours——Firſt ſtudy to deſerve her; ſhe's mine, Sir, I have juſt redeem'd this valuable Treaſure, and ſhall not truſt it in a Spendthrift's Hands.

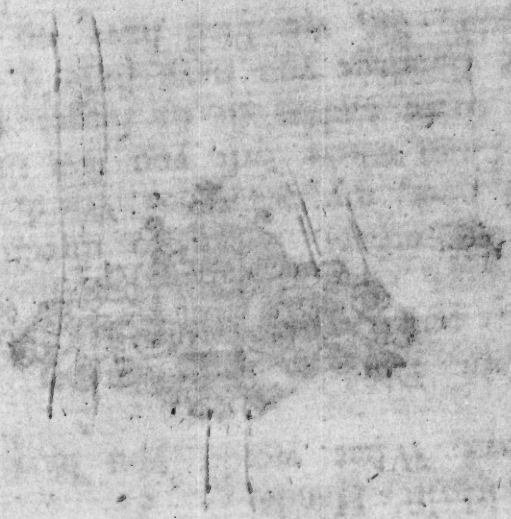
Buck. What would you have me do, Sir?

Fath. Diſclaim the Partners of your Riot, poliſh your Manners, reform your Pleaſures, and before you think of governing others, learn to direct yourſelf. And now, my beauteous Ward, we'll for the Land where firſt you ſaw the Light, and there endeavour to forget the long long Bondage you have ſuffer'd here; I ſuppoſe, Sir, we ſhall have no Difficulty

in

in perſuading you to accompany us; it is not in *France* I am to hope for your Reformation. I have now learn'd, that he who tranſports a profligate Son to P*aris*, by Way of mending his Manners, only adds the Vices and Follies of that Country to thoſe of his own.

FINIS.



EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Miſs MACKLIN.

ESCAPED from my Guardian's tyrannical Sway,
By a fortunate Voyage on a proſperous Day,
I am landed in England, *and now muſt endeavour,*
By ſome Means or other, to curry your Favour.

Of what Uſe to be freed from a Gallic *Subjection,*
Unleſs I'm ſecure of a Britiſh *Protection.*
Without Caſh, --- but one Friend --- and he too juſt made,
Egad I've a Mind to ſet up ſome Trade;
Of what Sort! in the Papers I'll publiſh a Puff
Which wont fail to procure me Cuſtom enough:
" *That a Lady from* Paris *is lately arriv'd*
" *Who with exquiſite Art has nicely contriv'd*
" *The beſt Paint for the Face, --- the beſt*
" *Paſte for the Hands,*
" *A Water for Freckles, for Fluſhings, and*
" *Tans.*
" *She can teach you the melior Coeffeure for*
" *the Head,*

" *To*

EPILOGUE.

" *To liſp --- amble --- and ſimper --- and put*
" *on the Red;*
" *To rival, to rally, to backbite, and ſneer,*
" *Um---no; that they already know pretty well*
" *here.*

" *The Beaux ſhe inſtructs to bow with a*
" *Grace,*
" *The happieſt Shrug, --- the neweſt Grimace.*
" *To* parler François, --- *ſib, flatter, and*
" *dance,*
" *Which is very near all that they teach ye in*
" France.

" *Not a Buck, nor a Blood, through the*
" *whole* Engliſh *Nation,*
" *But his Roughneſs ſhe'll ſoften, his Figure*
" *ſhe'll faſhion.*
" *The meereſt John Trot in a Week you ſhall*
" *zee*
" Bien poli bien frizé tout à fait un Marquis."

What d'ye think of my Plan, is it form'd to
your Gout?
May I hope for Diſciples in any of you.
Shall I tell you my Thoughts, without Guile,
without Art,
Though abroad I've been bred, I have Britain
at Heart.
Then take this Advice which I give for her
Sake,

You'll

EPILOGUE.

You'll gain nothing by any Exchange you can
make,
In a Country of Commerce, too great the Ex-
pence
For their Baubles and Bows, to give your good
Senſe.

EPILOGUE.

You'll gain nothing by my Exchange you can
make,
In a Country of Commerce, too great the Ex-
pence
For their Bubles and Beaus, to give your good
Sense.